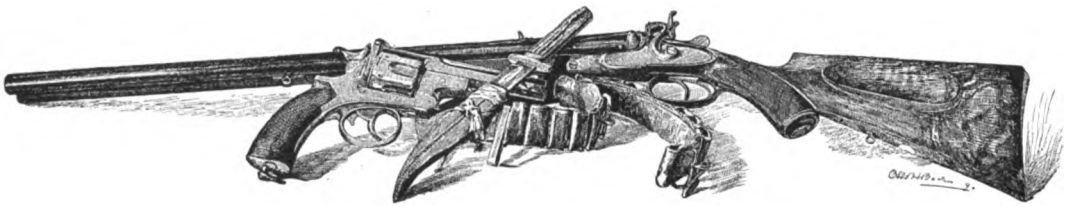

SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

By E. J. Glave, One of Stanley's Pioneer Officers.

Second Paper.

The natives credited me with possessing supernatural power, a belief which I did not correct. It assumed at times rather a ludicrous aspect. I had one man with me who could speak just a little English and could understand a word or two of the native tongue. His services were constantly brought into requisition by the natives wishing to ask me through him some question or other. My reading a book puzzled them greatly; they thought it an instrument of magic with which I could see far into the future, and even asked me to look into my "Talla Talla" (mirror) and inform them whether a sick child would recover; or would inquire concerning the success of some friend who was engaged on a trading expedition far away.

On a few occasions I was able to turn to my advantage the fact that they thought me a wizard.

For instance, one day, soon after my arrival at Lukolela, ten large canoes, each containing twenty or twenty-five men to visit the white-skinned stranger, put in to my beach, and the men, landing, crowded up to see me. At that time I had learned a few words of the native language, so the strangeness of my tongue lent interest to the interview and caused considerable amusement to the natives. They were evidently well satisfied with the time they had spent with me. They had been deeply awed and much amused, and to commemorate the interview, they thought they could not do better than to take away with them something to remind them of the occasion; but unfortunately they selected as mementos my only knife and fork. I knew that if I attempted to get these things back by force, there would be a general stampede, shots exchanged and blood shed, and that I might lose one of my men, perhaps without regaining possession of my property. Still, the knife and fork were invaluable to me, and I was not inclined to see them leave the station without making one effort toward their recovery, so I set my wits to work and the result was a happy idea. In my medicine-chest there was a bottle of citrate of magnesia; taking a quantity of this harmless-looking drug with me and assuming a grave demeanor, accompanied by two or three of my men, I walked slowly down to the assembled natives; then through my interpreter I gravely informed them that I had discovered that my knife and fork had been stolen,—by whom I did not know just now, but I was determined to find out. I then went nearer to the beach, and inviting the principal chiefs of the party to come and witness my power, I threw a little magnesia into a pool of still water, which effervesced and bubbled up in an alarming manner. "Now," I said, "your canoes are filled with people and merchandise; all your wealth is in these canoes, and they can not live in rough water. They will be swamped, will sink, and you will lose all. You see what I have done in this small body of water. I am going to extend this commotion over all the river from here to your village. I will make the water so rough that it will swamp any craft that ventures on it, and I am going to keep the water in that condition until I get back my knife and fork! Now, I will leave you; talk it over among yourselves. Put off from shore if you care to risk it. I do not wish to take your lives, but still I must have my knife and fork."

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They talked the matter over, and I was pleased to find my ruse successful. My awful threat remained unexecuted, for before nightfall my knife and fork were restored.

With returning health my spirits revived. I was anxious to leave my hut and to acquaint myself with my novel surroundings.

Although I had not yet been able to visit any of the villages in the district, I had become quite familiar with the faces of most of my neighbors. The stream of inquiring visitors never ceased, and my Zanzibari boy — the most attentive of servants — had much trouble in preventing them from disturbing the few snatches of sleep I obtained in intervals of fever. At first, I was unable to distinguish one black visitor from another; their features seemed cast in the same mold, and there was no external aid to identification.

Each face was disfigured by the same scars cut deep in the flesh over the temples, and carried in three lines back to the ears; this is the tribal mark of the Ba-Bangi, who inhabit the country in which I then was living.

The idea occurred to me of utilizing my new friends by obtaining from them, word by word, their peculiar dialect to enrich my vocabulary. When the natives saw that I was anxious to learn their language, they evidently turned over in their minds the fact that I was from a new country, and would have some strange tales to tell when

"I THREW A LITTLE MAGNESIA INTO A POOL OF STILL WATER, WHICH BUBBLED UP IN AN ALARMING MANNER."

I was able to make myself understood. They, therefore, took the greatest interest in teaching me the words they thought would be most useful to me.

One man, for instance, would enter the hut, raise his finger up to his eye, and inquire by signs whether I knew the native name for that organ. If I shook my head to signify ignorance, he would pronounce the name very distinctly, and I had to repeat it until my pronunciation satisfied him. He would then point in succession to his nose, ear, mouth, etc., and endeavor by constant repetitions to impress their names on my memory. When the lesson was concluded, he would gravely say, "*Nakė mboka*," which is synonymous with our "Good-by for the present," and depart with the air of one who had acquitted himself of a duty he owed to society, — only to reappear on the following day with a fresh string of names for me to commit to memory. After a while, my friends discovering that when I heard a new word I immediately made a note of it, the more intelligent among them would come into my room when they had any information to give, pick up my note-book, and, handing me my pencil, insist on my writing down in their presence all they told me. If suspicion was aroused that I was trying to shirk my duty in this matter, they would request me to read aloud the different words with which they had furnished me.

NATIVE BASKET AND JAR.

By this means, I soon had a large stock of nouns at my command, and by attentively listening to the conversation around me I added to these a few useful verbs, and acquired some knowledge of the formation of sentences. No tutors could be more gratified in the progress of a pupil.

I very soon passed from halting sentences to easy conversations. And from the moment that I was able to explain myself in simple language and understand the questions addressed to me in return, I ceased to feel lonely or isolated, or to look upon my neighbors altogether as strangers. My knowledge of the language assisted me in obtaining an insight into the native character, and in understanding to

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some extent their peculiarities of manner and custom.

Natives who have associated much with Europeans become reticent. They comprehend the great difference separating their modes of life and thought from those of the white man, and they will endeavor to conceal as much as possible feelings and prejudices they know will be misunderstood. But my Lukolela neighbors had seen but few white men,—in fact, the majority of them had not, until my arrival, ever seen one,—and certainly none had met a *mundelé* (white man) who could speak their language; so they chattered away with the frank unreserve of children, revealing in their conversation very many good qualities mingled with much that was savage and superstitious. As soon as I was able to get about, I made frequent excursions to the different villages sprinkled over the district of Lukolela. These villages consisted of groups of fifty or more low, grass-thatched houses, each dwelling divided into two or three rooms. In course of time I came to know almost every man, woman, and child in the district.

LEARNING THE BA-BANGI LANGUAGE.

My Station was separated from the nearest of these clusters of huts by a thickly wooded forest, through which I cleared a path; and, dividing my settlement at its extreme limit from the village, was a stream about seventy yards wide. By driving piles at distances across this, I was able to build a good, strong bridge, which, together with my forest path, made communication with my dusky neighbors a very easy matter. It was my custom each morning to saunter down to the villages, and pass from group to group exchanging salutations with the natives and learning the news of the day.

There was always something new to interest me: The traders loading up their canoes in preparation for a visit to some neighboring villages in quest of ivory or red-wood; the different artificers busily employed at their separate trades, working copper and brass into heavy bangles with which to encircle their wives' necks and ankles, to satisfy the feminine craving for finery, or beating iron into keen and sharp-pointed spear-heads or queerly-shaped knife-blades — or, with nothing but an odd-looking little adze, fashioning from a rough log of wood an artistically carved chair or slender lancewood paddle; the potter, equally ingenious and artistic in his way, transforming with his cunning hand a mass of black clay into vessels almost as graceful in design as those of the ancient Greeks.

Pleasant sounds of busy life are heard from every dwelling, and the little clusters of huts, hemmed in by forest trees, seemed pervaded with an air of peace and content.

The principal employment of the natives near by, was fishing. This is an important industry with the inhabitants of the riverside vil-

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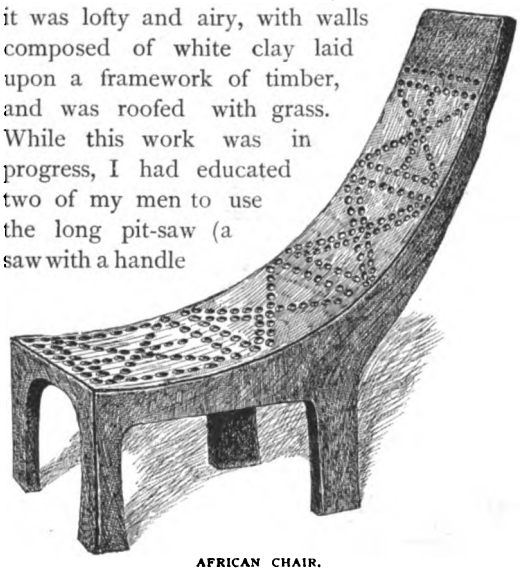
lages, as not only do they live almost entirely on the fish they catch, but the yield of their nets is bartered with the inland tribes in exchange for other commodities. The early morning the fishermen devote to repairing and replenishing the stock in trade of their calling: traps and nets are carefully examined, and all injuries repaired before the sun is well up. The river at this part teems with fish, of every size and variety. Their haunts and habits are thoroughly well known to the fishermen, whose curiously minute observations have taught them where to spread their nets with a certainty of the largest haul. There is one large yellow fish, the "*mbutu*," esteemed a great luxury on the Congo, which lives upon the soft, succulent stems of the swamp grass, and, as a rule, feeds about eight or ten inches below the surface of the water. The fisherman, with spear poised ready for the throw, glides noiselessly along in his canoe, skirting the fringe of these grassy swamps, carefully watching to see the slightest trembling of a stem of grass, which tells that a fish is nibbling. Suddenly he deftly plunges his weapon below the surface, and almost invariably a fat *mbutu* is drawn to the side of the canoe, struggling on the end of the spear. All along the Congo and its tributaries are large bays where the water is invariably sluggish; these places are the resorts of shoals of fish. In the rainy season, when the river is swollen, the natives build walls of cane mesh-work across the mouths of these bays; so that when the river falls, all the fish are securely penned in; openings are then made in the netting, and a basket-trap attached over each. The fish endeavoring to escape by these apertures are caught in the traps. With but little effort, a plentiful supply of fish is secured at this time of the year. Sometimes, during a rapid fall of the river, thousands of fish are taken this way in a few days. Near to these fishing-grounds the natives build rough, temporary huts and also construct low tables of sticks about 1½ feet from the ground. The fish are placed on these tables, and are smoked perfectly dry by means of large fires placed underneath.

The hard toil of many weeks was beginning to tell in the improved appearance of my Station. The site was thoroughly cleared of tree-

SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN POTTERY.

roots and weeds. My men were working well, and I myself had not been idle, for I had to educate my Zanzibari in handicrafts of which I knew little, and to transform my men into carpenters, sawyers, plasterers, etc., as the occasion required. And I had now well under way a large house destined to supersede the little hut in which I had been living since Stanley left. It was not an ambitious structure, but it was lofty and airy, with walls composed of white clay laid upon a framework of timber, and was roofed with grass. While this work was in progress, I had educated two of my men to use the long pit-saw (a saw with a handle



AFRICAN CHAIR.

at each end, used by two men. One stands upon the surface of the ground and the other is in a deep pit below the timber which is being cut), and soon had a fine stock of planks made from the trees which I felled in the neighboring forest; and with the assistance of a young West Coast African, who had a natural bent for car-

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pentering, I soon had doors, windows, shutters, and all the necessary wood-work, ready for my new house. Up to this time I had been compelled to make shift with my trunks and boxes for chairs and tables, but now I was able to enjoy the comfort of a table and chair of my own manufacture, and for the first time I appreciated the possession of those useful articles of furniture.

"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS STRUCK MY CANOE A BLOW WHICH NEARLY CAPSIZED IT." (SEE PAGE 570.)

My health being thoroughly restored, I did not confine myself to station work, but frequently made excursions into the neighboring districts, learning all I could of the tribes inhabiting them.

Hearing that there were several large villages on the opposite shore, a little lower down-river, I decided to visit and make friends with the people. Mbunga was the most important place, so I decided to make there my first visit. I equipped my large canoe with twenty-five paddlers some being my own men and some being Lukolela natives and started off early one morning to seek out Ndombé, the chief of Mbunga. Our course lay through numerous small channels between thickly wooded forest islands, and at times over extensive shoals, where we saw quite a herd of hippopotami huddled together in the shallow water. They stood motionless, like smooth, black rocks. There was not a sign of life in the herd as we approached until we had paddled within fifty yards of them,—then all was tumult and confusion. Suddenly startled from their morning sleep, with loud snortings they plunged deep into the river, disappearing entirely from sight, and leaving only a stretch of troubled water in the place where they had herded. Sometimes we would see a number of these unwieldy monsters swimming midstream, their bodies submerged, and only their great heads showing above the surface. We would leave the river in their possession and skirt along the banks so as to avoid a collision —in which the canoe would fare badly. As I was anxious to reach Mbunga, I could not spare time for any shooting on the journey, so I resolved to save all my cartridges for the hippos I might meet on the return journey to Lukolela. Making all haste, I managed to reach Mbunga before nightfall. I found the people there very wild, some portion of them even hostile, and I

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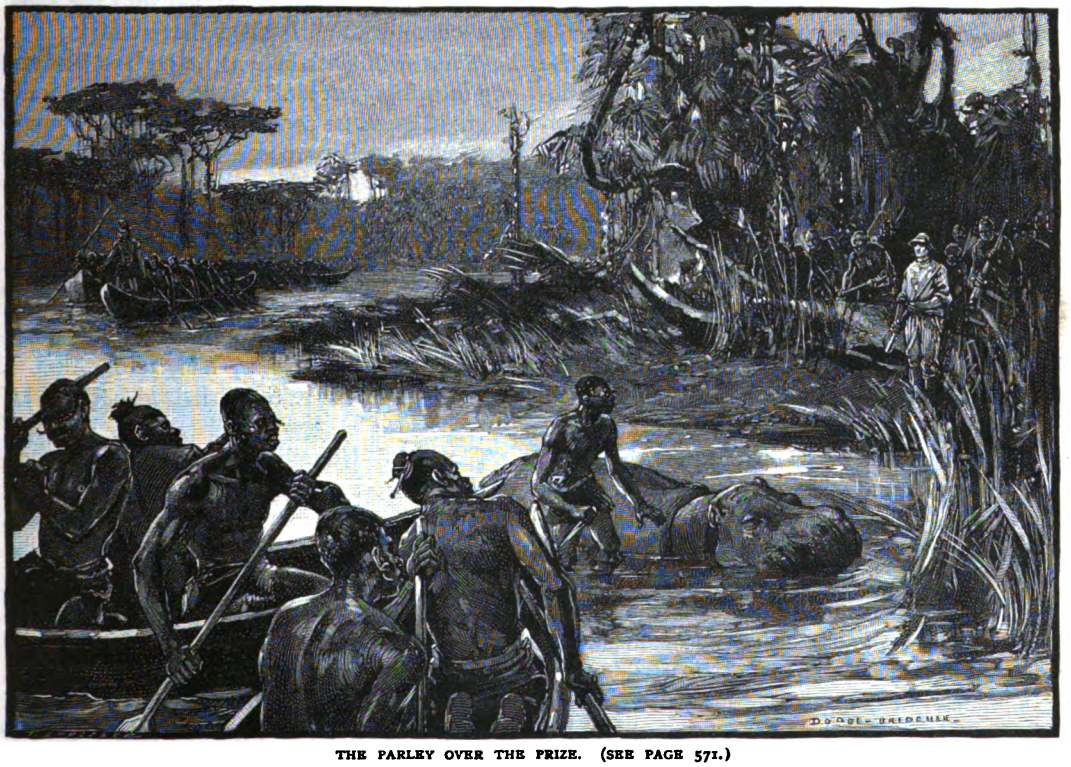
succeeded in establishing friendly relations only by going through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the most important chief of the place, Ndombé. My first view of this village impressed me with a sense of the characteristic cruelty with which native rumor credited these people, for nearly every hut was decorated with the whitening skull of some slave or victim, while suspended from the branch of a large tree in the center of the village was a roughly-made basket containing the same ghastly trophies.

The natives themselves were lazy and filthy in their habits; plantations were few; and although extensive fishing-grounds were situated close to their villages, but little effort was made to reap any benefit from them. The natives had a besotted look, and during my few days' stay in these villages I noticed that, though little food was eaten, an enormous quantity of fermented sugar-cane juice was consumed, and toward the evening of each day the villages were crowded with noisy and intoxicated savages.

Having decided to return to Lukolela, I left early one morning, and about a mile and a half from the village I came upon a herd of hippopotami. One of them offering a favorable shot, I fired, but only succeeded in wounding the animal. I had with me at that time a Snider rifle, which is not a very serviceable weapon in the hunting-field, its power of penetration being insufficient for big game. The sting of the bullet tended only to infuriate the animal; he threw himself wildly out of the water and plunged about in all directions. A few of my paddlers kept cool, but most of them, not accustomed to this kind of thing, dropped their paddles and clung wildly to the gunwale of the canoe; some were screaming, while those who retained their paddles endeavored to force the canoe in a direction opposite from my intended destination. All this commotion rendered it very difficult for me to take a shot with any certainty of aim, so that, although I kept on hitting the brute, I could not succeed in reaching a vital part, and each successive bullet that struck rendered the monster only the more furious. At last he caught sight of us, and seemed, all at once, to recognize that we



THE PARLEY OVER THE PRIZE. (SEE PAGE 571.)

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were his enemies. He came on, plowing his way through the water, and struck my canoe a blow which, nearly capsizing it, threw several of my men into the water. Fortunately, he did not follow them up, but, passing under the canoe, kept plunging madly on for a short distance. In the mean time I had managed to pick up the men from the water,—just in time, for he returned and made another charge.

As he passed for a second time under the canoe, my hunter, Bongo Nsanda, dexterously plunged a spear into him, which, striking in the side, seemed to cripple him greatly. He was now becoming exhausted, and his movements became slower and slower. Each time he rose to the surface he presented a pitiable sight, with the blood streaming from his many wounds. I was now able, by a well-directed shot behind the ear, to end the poor brute's sufferings, and after a few spasmodic struggles he sank from sight, leaving the water all around us discolored with his blood. A hippopotamus when killed in the water invariably sinks; the body does not rise for several hours, the duration of submersion depending on the temperature of the water. Knowing this, I waited patiently on the bank of the river, and after three hours saw my game rise slowly to the surface.

By this time the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, attracted by the firing of my rifle, had manned their large war-canoes. There must have been at least fifty of them, each canoe filled with armed warriors. I had managed only to get my hippopotamus in shallow water when these people surrounded me. I noticed that they had come prepared for a quarrel, each being armed with spear and knife. They thought to intimidate me by their formidable strength. Some of the bolder even jumped out of their canoes, danced wildly around the hippopotamus, brandishing their knives, and invited the others to come on and cut up the meat, saying: "The white man has no right to this meat. Hippopotami belong to us. He killed it in our district. His men can have a small share, but he cannot expect to come and shoot our game and take all away with him." Now if they had simply asked me for a portion of the meat, I would willingly have acceded to their request; but, in attempting to frighten me by a display of force, they were pursuing an entirely wrong course. I immediately called off my men, ten of whom had rifles and could be thoroughly trusted, and gave them orders to load.

Fortunately, on the sand bank where I had beached my canoe were several little clumps of grass, and an old tree or two that had been washed ashore. Taking advantage of this cover, I placed my men in safety. I then walked forward, and explained to the excited natives of Mbunga that I had come there as a friend. I did not wish any trouble, but that the hippopotamus belonged to nobody till he was dead; now, as I had shot him, I considered him mine. Moreover, I was going to do what I liked with him. I would keep him all, if I chose, or I would sink him to the bottom of the river. I should be guided in the matter by my own will only, and if they thought they were strong enough to take him I invited them to make the trial. Said I, "These men of mine are armed with the same weapon with which I killed that animal. You have not such thick hide as he had, so I advise you to quickly retreat." At first my speech only incensed them, for some headstrong, fiery young men immediately proposed to take the meat from me by force. One even went so far as to jump out of the canoe and make for the hippopotamus; but I covered him so promptly with my rifle that he saw I meant what I said. Slackening his pace, his countenance, which at first denoted only savage arrogance, now assumed a look of intense fear, and, dropping his knife down by his side, he skulked back to his canoe.

The chief, Ndombé, who had been made my blood-brother, happened to be in one of the canoes, so I called him by name, and said I was surprised by the treatment I was receiving at the hands of his followers. Also, I advised him to speak with the people and to explain to them the folly of any hostile demonstrations. All the canoes were then brought together, and the Mbunga natives appeared to have decided among themselves, that a white man's powder and shot might lend convincing force to his arguments, for they hastened to tell me that I was in the right. I then informed them that I had no intention of taking all the meat with me. I was not greedy; I wanted some of the

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meat for my men, but I myself should decide how much.

"Now," said I, "Ndombé, you are my blood-brother. I shall give you one leg for yourself and village. The remainder of the half I shall distribute among these people, but not one man is to cut up a piece of the meat. My own men shall do that. My gun is loaded, and what I say, I mean. I shall sit here, and if one of your men attempts to cut the meat without my permission, I shall consider it the commencement of hostilities, and shall shoot him down." This bit of bounce on my part had the desired effect. They kept at a respectful distance until I had cut up as much of the animal as I wanted. I did not take even half; I left them quite three-quarters. When I called them and handed them their share, they were delighted. My speech and show of fearlessness had a very good effect. We parted the best of friends, and I left this savage crowd to fight among themselves for the remainder of the meat. For a long time after leaving this scene, we could hear their wild and excited talk as they squabbled over their plunder. The sight of blood always betrays the savage. It is to him what the red rag is to a bull.

It was dark before I again neared Lukolela. From a great distance I could see the lights of many torches sprinkled about the shore. As I approached, a hum of voices was borne toward me on the still night air. All the villagers were gathered on the strand, anxious to hear what fortunes had befallen us on our journey. When the prow of my canoe drove sharply on the beach, and the hustling crowd discovered our freight of hippo-meat, great was their joy. All were eager to bear a hand in unloading the canoe, and a great torch-lit crowd of yelling negroes escorted us on to the Station. Most of the meat was distributed in the village and was roasted over large fires. Far into the night I could hear the sounds of revelry which succeeded the great banquet. Standing on my beach, I watched the bonfires flaring down in the village, while lithe black figures crossed and recrossed in the fitful light, mingling in wild and joyous dances. The shadows of great forest trees hung over them, and all around was intense darkness. Songs and laughter came echoing through the woods until the embers had turned to ashes and the morning light was glimmering on the horizon.

I was much pleased that my first hunting expedition had ended so successfully. The Ba-Bangi are born hunters, and the surest way in which a stranger can gain their esteem is to exhibit skill and prowess in the field. Besides, I am afraid that in my talks with my neighbors I had been guilty of exaggerations that led to expectations of great things, which I more than doubted my own ability to fulfill. I felt that, in this first hunt, I stood on trial before the whole tribe, and was secretly pleased to be able to establish a secure reputation as a hunter by a feast of hippo-meat. Whenever I could snatch an opportunity after this, I would scour the country round in search of big game. My villagers were equally eager for the chase, and were anxious to bring me the first news of a wandering herd of buffaloes or of elephants. Until now I had been known among the natives as *Mwana Téndélé*, or son of Stanley. From this day I was known throughout the district as "*Makula*" (literally, Arrows), a name bestowed by the natives only upon distinguished hunters, my success in supplying the village with feasts of hippopotamus and buffalo meat having earned me this proud title.

Four months of pioneer work, diversified by trips into the interior and hunting excursions, had passed rapidly away, when, one January afternoon, a fisherman brought news to the Station that, while spreading his nets in a reach of the river just above Lukolela, he had sighted a flotilla composed of three steamers floating down stream. It was Stanley and his followers returning from Stanley Falls. All was now excitement. My men were as eager as I was to give the great explorer a hearty welcome on his return. We all hastened down to the beach, and with cries of "Sail HO!!! *Masua!!*" (boats), "*Bwana kubua anarudé!!*" (The big master is returning), we hailed the first glimpse we caught of the little fleet as it rounded a distant point. My Zanzibaris and few Houssas donned their brightest cloth in honor of the occasion, and presented a really fine appearance as they lined the beach to await the arrival of the boats. A strongly flowing current and rough weather had told on

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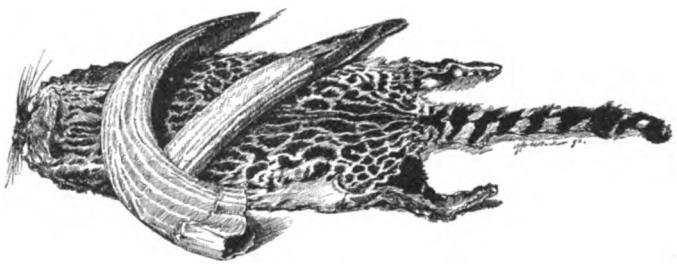

TEETH OF HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND SKIN OF WILD-CAT.

the little fleet, and the new paint that looked so bright and gay only five months before at Leopoldville had faded and blistered under the scorching sun. When Stanley landed, I noticed that he too showed signs of hard work and exposure, but, bronzed and weatherbeaten, he seemed a picture of rugged health. While I was saluting my chief, I noticed that he was regarding me with a curiously quizzical look in his eyes. At last he inquired in an anxious tone of voice for the poor young Englishman he had left at Lukolela on his voyage up-river last fall. He added that he feared the very worst had befallen him, for when he last saw him he was in a very bad way, emaciated and cadaverous. He feigned great surprise when I hastened to assure him that I was the sickly youth for whom he expressed so much concern, and that I never felt better in my life. Stanley complimented me on my improved appearance, and bestowed much kindly praise on the progress of the work on my Station. There was not very much in the way of improvement that I could show him as he inspected my little patch of territory. But there had been many difficulties to be overcome, owing to the nature of the soil and the surroundings. He was also much pleased with the friendly relations that existed between the natives and our settlement.

That evening Stanley narrated the history of his expedition on its journey to the falls. He told how he found the Stanley Falls region in the hands of the Arabs, who had made it their headquarters for raiding incursions into the surrounding country in search of ivory and slaves, and how he had founded a station at that distant point, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and placed a young Scotch engineer, named Bennie, in charge. He dwelt upon the contrast between his cordial reception by the various tribes scattered along his route, on his last voyage, and the hostilities he encountered on all sides in his great journey in '77.

The patience, diplomacy, and justice he had exercised enabled him now to pass through the savage and cannibal tribes of the upper Congo without firing a shot — tribes who in '77 attacked him at every turn, answering his offers of friendship by flights of barbed and poisoned arrows; and where once compelled, by sheer hunger, for days to fight for food, the natives now welcomed him with exclamations of joy, and placed at his disposal the best their villages contained.

The following day, after Stanley had given presents of cloth and trinkets to the Lukolela chiefs in exchange for the goats and fowls they brought him, I witnessed the departure of the flotilla, and then returned to my work, cheered by many kind wishes and expressions of approval from my chief.

Stanley, on bidding me good-bye, had promised me that assistance should be sent from Leopoldville, as the work was heavy for one man. This was good news to me, as the presence of another white man at the station would relieve the feeling of isolation which sometimes crept over me when I looked on the black faces crowding round me, and remembered the many leagues

AFRICAN PADDLES AND BAILER.

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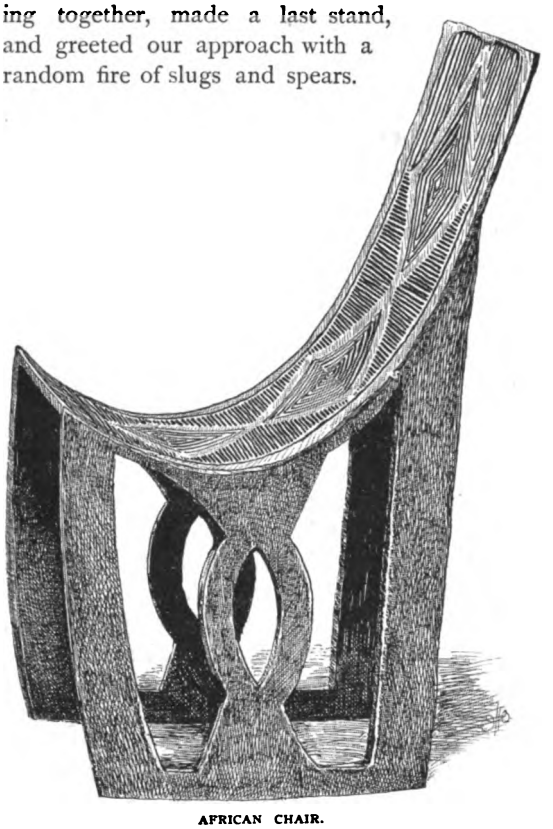
that separated me from the nearest Europeans. I have mentioned the friendliness toward me of the tribes bordering on the Station, but there was trouble in store from another quarter, and this, too, made me wish for some one with whom I could take counsel when unexpected difficulties presented themselves.

Just below the villages of Lukolela there was another native settlement called Makunja, over which presided Mpuké. This old chief had, since our first landing, assumed a hostile and unfriendly attitude; he was continually catching and sometimes killing the friendly natives of Lukolela, assigning as a reason for this aggression the fact that they were friendly with me. I warned old Mpuké that if he continued this policy I should be compelled to punish him. In answer to my remonstrance he sent word to me that he was "Mokunjé Monené" (the big chief) of this part of the country, and that he intended to fight, and to burn to the ground all the Lukolela villages; that I was an intruder, and before many days were past he would burn and destroy my Station and the huts of all who wished me well. He also added that his vengeance would not be complete until my head decorated the roof of his house. Mpuké was evidently in earnest, for early in the morning after I had received his ultimatum, I was startled from sleep by a crowd of natives running into the Station with the intelligence that the villages were being attacked. I could hear, while they spoke, the loud reports of old flint-locks in the distance, and abreast of the villages I could see the Makunja war-canoes with armed warriors who were challenging the Lukolela villages to fight. The Lukolela men implored my aid in repelling this attack. As I was the principal object of Mpuké's wrath I determined to assist them to punish the old tyrant, whose threat anent my skull had put me on my mettle. I took ten of my men, well armed with rifles, and went into the villages. Here everything was in a state of confusion. Spears and knives were being sharpened, flint-lock muskets charged. The warriors were rushing here and there, donning their charms and rubbing charcoal on their faces, to render themselves as formidable-looking as possible. The women were all making for my Station, loaded up with babies, and baskets containing their goods and chattels. The Lukolela villages and those of Makunja were separated by a mile of swampy forest, through which ran a narrow zig-zag foot-path. As the only way to effectively punish old Mpuké was to attack him on his own soil, I led my men in this direction. When we were about half way several volleys were fired at us by the natives lying in ambush, one charge just grazing my head; and, from the thick cover, spears were hurled, which stuck quivering in the beaten ground. The sharp crack of our Snider rifles, however, soon scattered these skirmishers, who made off in the direction of their village, where all the stragglers, gathering together, made a last stand, and greeted our approach with a random fire of slugs and spears.



AFRICAN CHAIR.

This was soon silenced by a volley from my men, and we entered the enemy's village. All the inhabitants had fled at our approach; there was not a soul to be seen, but from the skirting woods rose little puffs of smoke, followed by loud, re-echoing reports from overcharged muskets, enabling us to guess the whereabouts of the enemy. When I had time to look about me, I found that I had four men seriously wounded.

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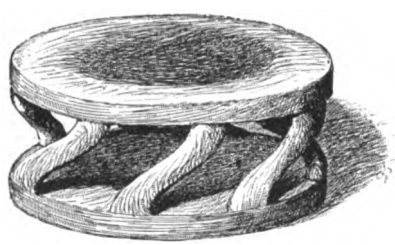
Mpuké's threat of skull decoration had evidently been used often by him, and judging by the roof-tree of his house, profusely decorated with these ghastly ornaments, it had often been fulfiled. I burned the houses to the ground, and throwing out my men on either side of the path, leaving sentinels on the limits of Lukolela, we returned to the Station unmolested. At night an incessant drumming was kept up by the two villages. The mournful wail of the Makunja people, wafted over the river, told that our rifles had done their work. Every now and then the drumming and singing would cease, and threatening speeches would be exchanged as to the fight to-morrow. The next morning, I again proceeded to the villages, and ordered one of the Lukolela chiefs to inform Mpuké that I trusted that the punishment of yesterday would be sufficient warning to him, for I did not wish to continue the fight. Curses heaped upon my head were the only answer the furious old chief returned to my peaceful overtures, curses invoking horrible calamities both to myself and my unoffending relations, and involving my cousins, uncles, and aunts in a common and bloody destruction with intricate details.

As I listened to this answer, "*Itumba!! Itumba!!!*" (War, war!) was echoed and re-echoed by a savage mob of Makunja warriors, and to the left a crowd of the enemy in the plantations were mimicking with excited contortions of limb the dissection which they intended practicing on us later on in the day. I found, however, that their courage was only skin-deep. With a few of my Zanzibari, and some of the natives of Lukolela, who were emboldened by the success of the day before, we soon quieted their fire and cleared them out of their position, following them up all the morning until the old chief Mpuké announced that he had had enough of fighting and proclaimed his willingness for peace.

Reluctantly, I had been compelled to shoot a few of the enemy; but they never forgot the lesson, and old Mpuké became most friendly toward me, and even condescended to include me in the family circle, always referring to me as "*Mwana Ngai*" (my son), a condescension on his part which I was hardly able to appreciate, as it devolved on me a filial duty of periodically supplying presents of cloth to my would-be dusky parent.

Although I was at Lukolela nearly two years after this, old Mpuké's thrashing had damped all warlike ambition on the part of the natives, and these were the only shots I had to fire in defense of my position while at Lukolela.

I found that at Lukolela I was in the center of a country abounding in big game. I had my choice of hunting hippos, elephants, or buffaloes; but for an exciting day's sport I preferred taking my gun in search of the last-named animals. There were any number of them in the district. I once saw as many as three hundred securely herding within a few hours' walk of the Station. The ground they were gathered on was a bare patch, of about three hundred yards in diameter, nearly round, in the middle of a large grass plain. In it were a few pools of water, and in the center of this patch was a tongue of grass. I took advantage of this cover, and was thus able to approach within twenty-five yards of the herd. The buffaloes were now upon three sides of me. Some of them were lyingdown, basking in the sun, others wallowing in the muddy pools; a few old stagers seemed to be on the lookout, as they would browse a little and then raise their heads and look in all directions to make sure that no enemy was near. The little ones were frolicking about, playing like young lambs. For some time I watched the scene in silence from my cover, almost loath to disturb the picturesque groups by the crack of my rifle; but the sporting instinct was too strong for me, and, persuading myself that the loss of one of that herd would make little difference, I picked out one that was offering a fair shot, and fired. I knew that I had hit fatally, but was surprised to see that my wounded buffalo was surrounded by several others, who immediately grouped themselves around him, and helped him along in their midst. I followed the track, and was rewarded,



AFRICAN SEAT.

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after going a few hundred yards, to find my game quite dead. The others must have actually carried him along until life was extinct and they had to drop him. This strange fact has often been noticed by hunters. Elephants will do the same thing, often helping to raise a wounded comrade from the ground where he has fallen.

The uninviting appearance of the feathered occupants of my poultry-yard suggested to me that a little wild game would be a release from the monotonous diet of the insipid African fowl, which, unfortunately, we were compelled to make our staple meat food. This biped is to be seen dawdling around every village, plumage all awry, and presenting a picture of a dissipated, long-legged, skinny, half-feathered, prematurely old bird. Occasionally he will attempt to crow, putting his feet as firm as he can on the ground, throwing the weight of his body forward so as to get good purchase, and then with a painful effort commencing a hideously screeching noise. He seldom gets more than half-way through his crow. Ending with an indistinct internal wheeze, he totters off thoroughly exhausted with his exertions. For table use he is not a success; no amount of fine cooking will change his tasteless nature: when you curry him you taste only the curry powder and condiments; as a roast the butter is the conspicuous part of the dish; and in a soup you have only the taste of the water.

I remember one occasion particularly, when in order to change the monotony of my *menu* I decided to try for a buffalo. So, early one morning, with six of my blacks, I manned my canoe, and crossed over to the other side of the river, where there was a large plain in which I was generally successful in finding game. Arrived there, we struck off into the grass, and after walking a few miles the fresh trail of a large buffalo warned us to be on the alert. Carefully following the tracks, we presently saw, about twenty yards ahead of us, the black head and shoulders of a large bull just peeping out above the tall grass, listening attentively as if warned of the approach of an enemy. I took a quick aim and hit him in the shoulder, when he charged right down on us. Finding that the long grass hid us from view, he tore about wildly searching for us, snorting with pain and breathing heavily, being exhausted by his bleeding wounds. I was only once able to get a snap shot at him as he passed through a little patch of short grass, but this time I did not drop him. My second bullet only increasing his rage, he sprang off wildly into a neighboring swamp.

I followed him, sending my native hunter round one way while I took the other. I had gone but a few yards into the swamp, when my attention was diverted by a cry for help from Bongo Nsanda, my hunter. I knew by the tone of voice that he was really in danger, so I crept hastily along in the direction from which the cry had come. As I drew near I found that Bongo Nsanda was indeed in need of help. He was hanging by the topmost branch of a young sapling, which was bending lower and lower with his weight, and was now almost within the buffalo's reach. I was only just in time, for the impetus with which the maddened brute was charging would have rooted up the tree and flung my hunter to the ground, and he would have been gored into a mangled mass. But I was fortunately able to avoid this tragic ending by putting a bullet behind the shoulder into the heart, which sent the beast headlong to the earth writhing in his death struggles. So instead of having to celebrate my hunter's funeral rites, as at one time seemed more than probable, I had the more savory experience of eating a buffalo steak.

Not many months passed after Stanley's departure before the flotilla re-appeared at Lukolela. This time, however, without Stanley, who was on his way to Europe, and had surrendered charge to Captain Hanssens, a Belgian military officer. The boats were heavily freighted with supplies and provisions for the new Stations up the river. With my consignment of necessaries was landed a stalwart young Englishman, who handed me a letter from Stanley introducing the bearer as D. H. G. Keys, my promised assistant. My new comrade was full of good nature and high spirits. As I had now been away from England fifteen months, and as our postal service was rather erratic, my knowledge of recent home news was exceedingly limited. So, after the boats had steamed up-river and we were left to ourselves, Keys, who had just come from the old country, would spend many hours in re-

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counting to me such of the events that had happened since my departure as he thought likely to interest me; and when he had exhausted his news, he would sing over the new songs of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest, till I was able to pick out the gems of the opera on the strings of my old banjo. Keys was by nature suited exactly for the pioneer life among wild people that we were to lead together. He was always kind and forbearing in his dealings with the natives, whose child-like ignorance pleaded strongly with him in excuse for their many faults. He possessed, too, a certain natural charm of manner which made him instantly a favorite in the villages, where he would freely mingle with the people without that frigid dignity which Europeans so often think it necessary to assume in their intercourse with the African — a fruitful cause of much of the disappointment and ill-success which many unfortunate pioneers have met with in their attempts to benefit and civilize the savages of the interior.

There was much to be done at this time in obtaining concessions of territory from the chiefs in the district. I was frequently making excursions by land and water on the business of the Expedition, visiting and conciliating various tribes and entering into agreements with their head men. When I was away, Keys, of course, was in charge of the station, and it was pleasant to know that the work was not falling into arrears during my absence, and to look forward to a hearty welcome from my comrade when I returned. When we were together, our talk would turn naturally to dogs, guns, and game. I would tell Keys all my experiences with hippopotami and buffaloes, and show him the best hunting-grounds for big game in the neighborhood. We little thought, as we laid out our plans far ahead, that the close of a short season would find only one gun in the field. For the present we arranged that either one or the other should go on a hunting-trip each week to replenish the larder and keep the men in good humor. One day it

BONGO NSANDA'S NARROW ESCAPE.

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was Keys's turn to go. He started off in high spirits, saying to me as he went away, "Have a good lunch ready, old man,— back about one,— shall be awfully hungry,— always am when I come home from hunting." I could not accompany him, as I was busy that day looking after station matters. One o'clock passed, two, three, and then, as he was usually punctual in returning at the appointed hour, I began to have a fear that something was wrong. I felt sure that something had happened, and as time wore on and brought no news of my canoe, this foreboding of evil tidings increased. At last, just as the sun was sinking, I saw my canoe returning, but my straining eyes could catch no glimpse of poor Keys. There was in the canoe an ominous gap, which arrested the beating of my heart, and upon its arrival at the beach I found that my presentiment was sadly converted into fact. I then learned the story of his death. Having come upon a herd of buffaloes, eager for the sport he fired away until he had exhausted his stock of cartridges; he was then in the midst of a large plain, but was suffering so much from thirst that he decided to make for the river, which was distant about half a mile. He took with him one Houssa and a little native boy. When they had proceeded a few hundred yards they had to traverse a stretch of very long grass, upon entering which they were startled by the snorting and tramping of an enraged buffalo. The two frightened blacks skipped off the patch and hid in the tangled cover. Keys also tried to escape. The brute charged here and there, at one time beating down the long grass within a yard of the two blacks. Then, at last, suddenly sighting poor Keys, he charged furiously at him. One slight moan was all the blacks heard. Death must have been instantaneous. It was a sad blow for me; the remembrance of it is still vivid in my mind. We had been the best of friends; no angry word or thought had ever passed between us. He had left me that morning full of life, rejoicing in his youth and strength. I fancied I could almost hear the echoings of his eager calls, hurrying his men to the hunt, and faint lingering notes of his joyous farewell shouts seemed to reach me as I sat alone while the gloomy shades of the fateful day gathered darkly round the desolate station. They had placed the body in his room on the narrow camp-bed. All the weary night I paced restlessly up and down the mud floor of the house, listening and watching, intensely expectant for something, I knew not what, to break the horrible monotony of my watch, and assure me that all was only the fancy of a feverish brain. At times I was convinced that I was deceived, and that my friend still lived; that he was wounded, badly wounded, but not dead, and I would seize the lamp, enter his room, and fearfully pull aside the white cloth that covered the body, striving to force imagination to lend motion and life to the still form of my dead comrade. The strain at last became unendurable. Before the dawn broke I was lying delirious with fever in my own room. When I regained my senses I found my men gathered round me, anxiously awaiting the first sign of returning consciousness. They had found me lying on the floor in the other room, and had carried me to my own bed.

I buried poor Keys just behind the station house. A great silk-cotton tree throws its shade over the grave — a heap of stones encircled with a rough wooden paling, at the head of which stands a little cross bearing his name and the date of his death.

E. J. Glave.

(To be continued.)

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